Within be fed, without be rich no more,
So ſhalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And death once dead, ther's no more dying then.

147

MY loue is as a feauer longing ſtill,
For that which longer nurſeth the diſeaſe,
Feeding on that which doth preſerue the ill,
Th'vncertaine ſicklie appetite to pleaſe:
My reaſon the Phiſition to my loue,
Angry that his preſcriptions are not kept
Hath left me, and I deſperate now approoue,
Deſire is death, which Phiſick did except.
Paſt cure I am, now Reaſon is paſt care,
And frantick madde with euer-more vnreſt,
My thoughts and my diſcourſe as mad mens are,
At randon from the truth vainely expreſt.
For I haue ſworne thee faire, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as darke as night.

148

OMe! what eyes hath loue put in my head,
Which haue no correſpondence with true ſight,
Or if they haue, where is my iudgment fled,
That cenſures falſely what they ſee aright?
If that be faire whereon my falſe eyes dote,
What meanes the world to ſay it is not ſo?
If it be not, then loue doth well denote,
Loues eye is not ſo true as all mens: no,
How can it? O how can loues eye be true,
That is ſo vext with watching and with teares?
No maruaile then though I miſtake my view,
The ſunne it ſelfe ſees not, till heauen cleeres.
O cunning loue, with teares thou keepſt me blinde,
Leaſt eyes well ſeeing thy foule faults ſhould finde.

149

CAnſt thou O cruell, ſay I loue thee not,
When I againſt my ſelfe with thee partake:
Doe

Doe I not thinke on thee when I forgot
Am of my ſelfe, all tirant for thy ſake?
Who hateth thee that I doe call my friend,
On whom froun'ſt thou that I doe faune vpon,
Nay if thou lowrſt on me doe I not ſpend
Reuenge vpon my ſelfe with preſent mone?
What merrit do I in my ſelfe reſpect,
That is ſo proude thy ſeruice to diſpiſe,
When all my beſt doth worſhip thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes.
But loue hate on for now I know thy minde,
Thoſe that can ſee thou lou'ſt, and I am blind.

150

OH from what powre haſt thou this powrefull might,
VVith inſufficiency my heart to ſway,
To make me giue the lie to my true ſight,
And ſwere that brightneſſe doth not grace the day?
Whence haſt thou this becomming of things il,
That in the very refuſe of thy deeds,
There is ſuch ſtrength and warranti'ſe of skill,
That in my minde thy worſt all beſt exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me loue thee more,
The more I heare and ſee iuſt cauſe of hate,
Oh though I loue what others doe abhor,
VVith others thou ſhouldſt not abhor my ſtate.
If thy vnworthineſſe raiſd loue in me,
More worthy I to be belou'd of thee.

151

LOue is too young to know what conſcience is,
Yet who knowes not conſcience is borne of loue,
Then gentle cheater vrge not my amiſſe,
Leaſt guilty of my faults thy ſweet ſelfe proue.
For thou betraying me, I doe betray
My nobler part to my groſe bodies treaſon,
My ſoule doth tell my body that he may,
Triumph in loue, fleſh ſtaies no farther reaſon,
But